

mead



100 sheets  
composition book



Some info transcribed from Presentation of Mental Freedom

DVR Jane Murray 775-1497 (has M26 to Neptune)

VW Tette @ Navy behind in pole team

Wasserman J.L.'s Kardex

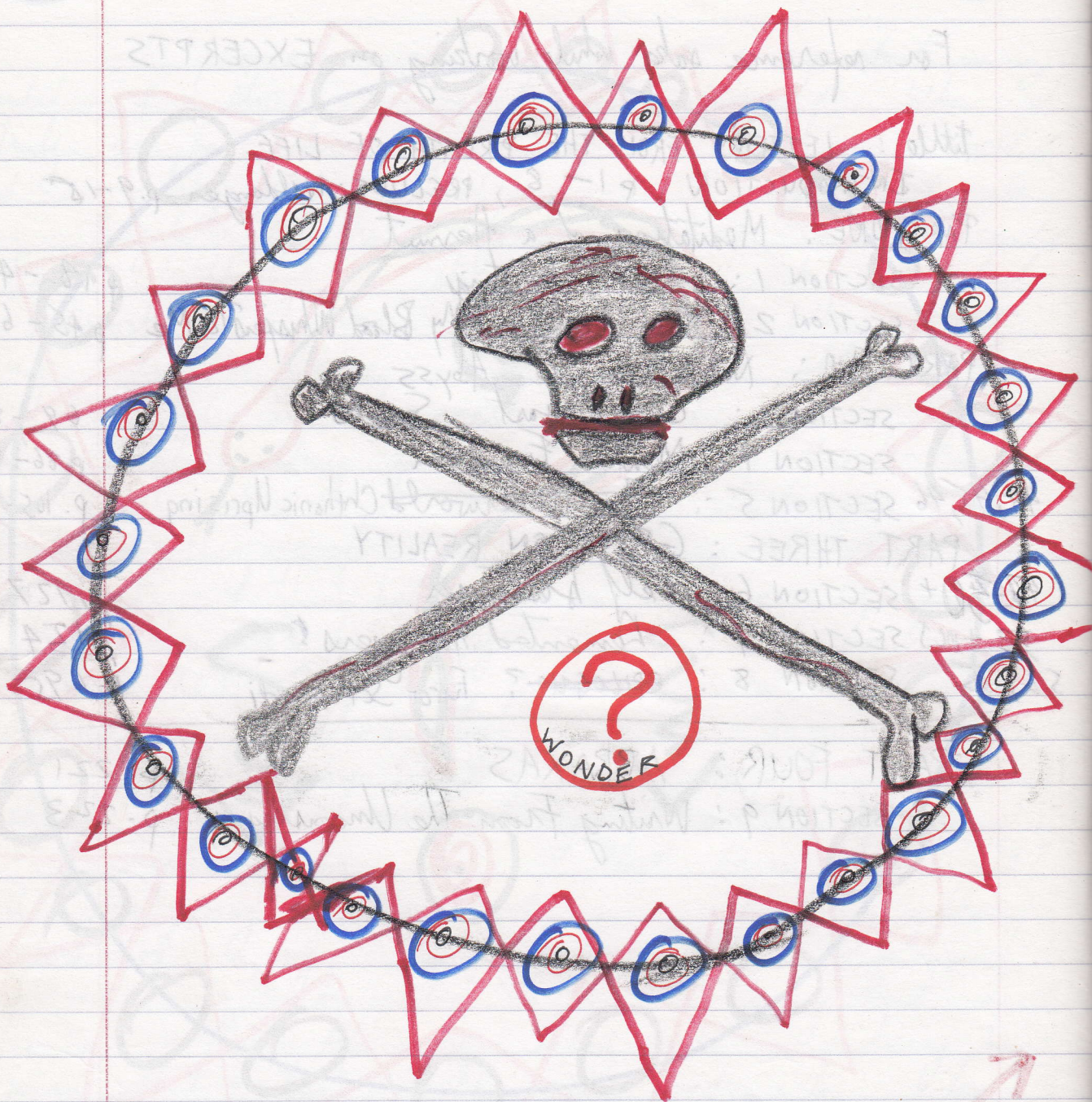
Cost for form 1/23/97: VCCB 50 FINE 1000 L-20 SX 25  
Suo Fee 25 per month

# SURGIT AMORI ALIQUID

[\* Something Bitter Arises

Some Latin → ob intral (from within), detente vital (detente)  
Furor scribendi (a rage for writing) sounds good for  
the handbook after Furor scribendi, which would be  
about April 1999, right about when I would be sitting  
ready to make one, but run through a series of  
of SCC-type by learning one of the great  
literature. In the totally structured computer  
programmer out there. A well-rounded mind is a  
great mind. Furor scribendi. I do it  
his sepulchre (here buried) if a le diable au corps  
(the devil is in him) - l'opere calami (a ship of the pen)





and so is ABRAXAS!







199804062330: My problem today has been that I have been comparing myself to "normal" people. I am far from normal. Instead of feeling guilty about collecting unemployment while under Court orders to maintain full time employment, I will celebrate my defiance! Having DVR pay for my education is too good to be true, but it is true! Rather than sit around and worry about how much longer this can go on, I will relax, take it easy, and laugh about being "a bum". I can count on going to college this summer, this fall, and next winter. I am sure to be busy. I am sure to be fulfilled. Who knows what will come of all this?

In the mean time, life still is what it is. My knowledge of Schopenhauer's philosophy gives me license to be a pessimist.

note: occult search engine (from now on see Modern Notes)  
<http://www.avatasearch.com/index.html>

Here is the paradox. Today was a great day precisely because I felt so down and anxious. There are no cures for the dismal, futile nature of the human condition. It is best I get a grip on this fact before getting all excited about college. I will struggle to pay bills and rent. The thing to remember about this DVR/BCC thing is that, despite the general despair of life, this is a great event. This is a true testament of RELATIVISM.



It is relative that I was incarcerated and fired from my job - kicked out of the Turk House. Sure I no longer have my own private sanctuary, but I have a decent place to dwell, and the private sanctuary is my MIND!

Were I never to be arrested back in July 1997, I would still be working for the park. How long would I go on year in, year out doing the same old shit? How could I had lead such a life without at least pot and beer?

I don't have to worry about the park anymore. I have passed through a door. For the past ~~the past~~ few months I have been adjusting. Collecting unemployment against the demands of the Courts has been an act of defiance that has given me dignity, allowed me to write a book, and given me time to do an enormous amount of reading. I hope to continue to collect UI checks throughout April, May, and June.

I will see how it goes. I know what I have to do - if something goes wrong I will roll with the punches.

I can hold my head up high. I have it all figured out. It is as though I subconsciously did away with the state job so as to enable me to return to college full time! Yes, Mikey, hold your head up high!





X 199804070030: The greatest gift given to me over the past year was no gift at all, but a wisdom that I take full credit in having developed. When I get down in the dumps thinking about my strangeness, how I seem to be such an outcast, a laughable mockery, a pathetic loser considered to be a weirdo by the townspeople, I have to laugh at the world for I have reaped a powerful gift of wisdom along my travels!

While others less wise than myself might feel awkward and ashamed at "not having much of a life to speak of", I have the insight - gained from raw experience - that enables me to cherish ~~the~~ my present existence with genuine humility. When I feel ashamed of my being an outcast, I need only reflect upon Tom Patterson doing life in prison. Then I know that the secret to inner peace is purely subjective and psychological. I reflect upon all those in prison who would be filled with joy just to be allowed to live in the home of their mothers!

I don't even have to compare my life to that of a prisoner. I just have to think of the local crack heads who are enslaved by their addictions. I guess the trick to inner peace is not in proving to others that I am



♂<sub>2</sub>

doing fine, but in knowing the true nature of the world. My suffering, however minute, is the reality of all that lines. We experience the world on a subjective level, and therefore I can honestly say that ~~life cannot be~~ the nature of life is no different for others than it is for me.

The wise man does not seek pleasure, but seeks freedom from care and pain.

In going to college I will be escaping toil; I will be liberating myself from a lifetime of being a "semiskilled laborer".

Although I know this will not cure me of the sufferings of the human condition, it will surely enable me to use my intellect - and this in itself will be an improvement.

Besides, the fact that this improvement will have been the outcome of the devastating arrest, imprisonment, forfeiture of employment and residence - events that are seen as capable of destroying a man, makes it that much more of a victory.

Anyone who had laughed at my misfortune, mocked my losing "everything" will be in for a rude awakening when I truly rise from the ashes like the phoenix! I won't have to have material possessions to prove anything to



anyone. Just the fact that I will be going over to the college full time, while I would have been riding a tractor around the field - if I hadn't gone off the deep end and been arrested, ~~a~~ will be enough to put this whole "loss" thing into perspective.

I will find money somehow, but I will also find ways to get by on less. My antisocial nature may be viewed as a criminality, but it will actually benefit me as a student. I will be so appreciative of the opportunity to study Computer Science at Brookdale that I will not care about "what I have lost".

In fact, I will recognize the park job, as well as the house, for what it was: a trap. The only way out was to go nuts in public, to become a problem for an outside agency, to be dragged away in handcuffs from my beloved grounds with tent in lawn and drums on porch.

I am over it. Being liberated from my role at MBSP was a process to be endured. I am over the shock. Unemployment and this extended vacation has been enjoyed - enough to cancel out the unwelcomed vacation of incarceration. And yet, must the "going to college" full time be so very much a part of my identity? I am overjoyed to be going, but if I were to identify my true essence with simply being a great mind, then I am already there!



X 197804080900: Dream recall - I had some insight into the nature of my sister's family. They have had it rough. In the dream, as in real life, they were very kind to me. They are devout Christians. Why am I so outraged against Christendom?

I am glad to be going to see a psychiatrist this morning. I would have qualified to be one of Carl Jung's patients. It is strange how I no longer despise people at the park.

I slept on it. I can see things more clearly than they can. I have been hit with the best shot the system could dish out - incarceration, loss of job, take house away.

I do believe I would have been devastated if it were not for the fact that my manic-depressive disorder makes me eligible for financial assistance in vocational rehabilitation. The closer I get to registering for college, the more excited I become. I have humility, and yet - at the same time - I am aware of my above average intelligence.

If I view myself as a chimpanzee - or a island of Dr. Moran "beast-person", I can see that I am a unique creature. Who shall hold it against me for no longer wanting to be the pack as pulling the plow? - especially when I have such obviously high aptitudes. I will use my brain rather than my back. In reality, I see that this civilization IS the island of Dr. Moran. I am one of the many CHILDREN.



X 199804092230: Calming down, keeping things in perspective, I reflect upon what I would be doing if I were not going to college this summer. White slavery. Just a plain old wage-slave. I am trying to find a way out. I can't take credit for being given this opportunity as it is a consequence of my MANIC-DEPRESSIVE disorder. The fact that I am eligible for a grant is due to a chemical imbalance, and yet that I am being sponsored specifically for Computer Science has more to do with my VERY HIGH APTITUDE.

Life is so mysterious. This leads me to the runes and the dream catcher. I have passed unharmed through a door. Although many wage slaves would have been delighted with the job I held at Monmouth Battlefield, when anyone looks over the results (of my aptitude tests), it is clear that I was misplaced. What forces are making it possible for me to escape my role as a "maintenance worker"?



I hope I will be able to be humble enough to work at a foodstore part time if my father cannot give me enough work. The education being paid for will be a gift. What then? What will my life consist of besides school, work, and homework? This is where the notebooks come in. I am tracking my inner life. These are the reflections upon my inner condition. I record the dark side.



I record my dark moods and my doubt filled thoughts. I have been removed from a situation that seemed to be so "cush" - and yet I felt I was abused by irrational and unsupportive management. Something was wrong. Keith White was my witness to how fucked up that place was.

Do I not miss driving down that long road, pulling in the garage, going in the house? To do what? smoke a joint? read on the sofa? jump Sherry's bones? What? I certainly do not miss rolling out of bed to go sit over in the shop, a sitting duck to serve the whims of windbags up at the Region Office or in Trenton. I do not miss being treated like an idiot by people who are less intelligent than me. And I really do not miss working hard and not being appreciated. So this notebook is not about "Automatic Writing", but about my being my own therapist. This is psychoanalysis.

Are we getting somewhere? How can I be my own psychoanalyst? Shall "we" come up with a system, like we used way back in the beginning - in THE BOOK OF WONDER and the 1987 notebooks?

I believe the "wise ancient one" was represented by "the mystic spiral", the mandala, . What was my personal symbol ()? Shall I change it?



\* These would become the foundation for DEAD END - A Philosophical Diary

Remember, too, that the "writing of Letters From The Breath of Life" serves more than one purpose. \* It will reach minds out there to be sure, but the most important reality is the subjective experienced existence. Likewise, these present writings are directed at the development of this inner life. If other minds are reached in the process, this is merely a by product of the essential and primary task of developing a powerful sense of the inner life.

✠: The trap of having a cush job is in the fear of losing it. I have nothing to lose and everything to gain. Question: if I were to use those sessions in "my book", how would I represent each of us without the symbols ✠ and © on the keyboard?

©: Simply, © ← ABRAXAS  
and, ✠ ← ego - MWH

✠: This is kind of fun, just when I was getting bored with hearing myself. I have been thinking about Sherry Nevulis lately. I know she is "into" the dreamscape, and I was hoping to reach her in a powerful way.

©: What are your intentions?

✠: I want to make peace.

©: Are we longing for Sherry Nevulis or just any manifestation of a female? Keep focused on your path.



♀

199804100200: The time has come to use my philosophical ability, not so much to better my lot in life directly, but to minimize the degree of suffering that is experienced in enduring existence. I am already there. I don't have to "get" anywhere. There is nothing to be "gotten" in this wretched world.

Taking advantage of this opportunity to get an Associates Degree (at least) in <sup>SCIENCE</sup> Applied Science of Computer Programming is just a manifestation of my philosophy in action. The process of being educated will be rewarding in itself, and the outcome will enable me to earn my living ~~in~~ with my intellect rather than by the sweat of my brow. I will be utilizing the accidental advantages of a superior intellect.

In the meantime, I am still aware of the nature of the human condition - hence, rather than seeking out pleasure, I opt to free myself from care and woe. This is the essential benefit of my philosophical ability, not to write a book, but to practice my philosophy as a mode of existence. I reap the rewards of my philosophy in the present moments of daily existence, not in "success" in the eyes of society. So, my game plan is not just to relax UNTIL I go to school, but to relax until my death.



X 19980411130: All my paperwork is in order for my visit to PO as well as DVR. I hope to be registering for BCC on April 20th. I wonder if I can also register for the Fall (COS 132, COS 135, COS 145). We'll see.

Being impersonal = cold = objective = disinterested = detached = abstract. I no longer have any interest in the order by the Courts for me to maintain full time employment. If they were going to punish me for noncompliance, they would have done so by now. I am looking forward to facing the PO yet another time to show her I am determined to collect unemployment until I return to college. Enough about this.

I would be putting on an act if I were to pretend I was at all concerned about the prospect of having barely enough money to get by with while I am going to college. I really don't care. I will be so much more fulfilled using my intellect than wasting away at the park!

Why should I care about the money? The quality of my life will have improved. I am just starting to tire of having no responsibilities. The "vacation" has been long enough.

I look outside and see a clear blue sky, a beautiful spring day; and yet, nothing draws me out of my shell. I have no desire to go searching for others. I am as usual content to sit here reading.



There is the awareness of the "dark side", the futility of existence, that will not leave me — and I do not want it to leave. I want to cultivate it. I never want to forget the dark side! I am the metaphysical rebel, rejecting the human condition.

I have lost my identity as the blue collar worker, the state slave of the local park, but becoming a computer science student has a certain amount of dignity to it as I have the potential to earn a good amount of money when I become a programmer.

The thing is that I am not there yet, and I do not want to live for social status. Is there not an identity that is beyond social status, beyond monetary income? My introversion is a definite aspect of my personal identity. I sense I am different than most people, and I guess others may sense my feelings of intellectual superiority. I am aware of the fact that I alienate myself from my fellow man simply because I see myself as so "special", so "deep", so unique and rare.

There is something about me that separates me from the breeders. I question the suffocating security of a blue collar existence. I reject the blue collar smothering security.

I did lose my mind with the smothering security of a state job. I smashed through the walls of illusion, was detained, locked up, and then released with no more security.



Instead of getting ~~an~~ even more of a dead end job, I have followed this path of getting a grant to go to college. I rejoiced at being set free from my slavery, and although I have no security, no steady income, no health benefits, I am no longer ~~required~~ required to be subservient to all those knuckleheads at the park and in the park service.

Also, by getting an education, I will have escaped many a dead end job. So, my identity? I am a blue collar intellectual rebel, using out of the trap... I am a working class hero, and forever the philosopher. I will always be rubbing my eyes wondering what it is all about, trying to find release from the pressure of the will.

It is in philosophy that I gain compassion for all that lives, for I have an awareness of the general human condition. Although my identity is rooted in the inner world, in these very notebooks, and in the books I read, my experiences with incarceration and in being a member of the working class cannot help but mold who I am. Why am I so concerned with defining my personal identity when I am on a quest for nothingness? To become impersonal, I let go of all roles and types. I am hunger with intelligence.



To become impersonal, I first of all transcend all conceptions of my personal identity that exist in the minds of anyone who knows me, of all descriptions existing in government files, or computer databases.

All people know is the image or role, the behaviors, not the inner life, not the subjective reality. Likewise, all I know of other people is the image of them that exists in my head. To truly know anyone, I must paradoxically use introspection. To behold the reality of MY CONDITION is to behold the reality of the human condition.

Many people are manipulated by media, education, mass hypnosis, organized religion, et cetera. I do not have to hate these brainwashed zombies, but I stay clear of them. I keep to myself.

Having stated that the only way to know the universe is through introspection, subjectively, I also want to come to terms with how we view/perceive our own bodies. I perceive my hand writing with the pen. The "hand" is a representation in my brain. Even when I feel it with the other hand, all the nerves involved send images in the form of tactile sensations to the brain. Yes, now we are getting down to the nitty gritty, universal



presence of the thing-in-itself. It is 100% IMPERSONAL.

The presence of mind exists in the insect as much as it exists in the homo sapien. A virus is aware of itself subjectively. Our civilization, as complex and awesome as it appears, with its telephone systems, computers, postage system, food service, et cetera is all constructed around the individual human organism - our senses, our perception.

With all the electricity-dependent devices we depend upon, it is no wonder we often feel pathetic and helpless. We do use our intelligence when we utilize the technologies of civilization to enhance our lives.

Not only will I enjoy using my higher intelligence to earn my "LIVING", but I hopefully will earn enough money to purchase a basic shelter - one with electricity, plumbing, phone-cable-service, and perhaps even some woods. This might enable me to mate and reproduce; but it is not written in stone.

Sure I will be working towards this, but in the mean time, I could get run down by a bus. The reason I spend so much time philosophizing is precisely because I could die any moment, and ANY MOMENT will surely come instantaneously as time exists a priori in our brains. Philosophy is the preparation for death. When we reflect upon our identity, we have to remember death, nothingness, the impersonal nature of THE UNIVERSE.



X 199804130030: I discovered a way to justify my anti-Semitism. I could claim this is a symptom ~~and~~ of, as well as evidence of, paranoia.

Pessimism is my salvation as I am content in angst! While not employed, I enjoy waking up at 11AM... farting around. Soon this leisurely lifestyle will end; but, for now I am enjoying it. In the late evenings I do feel somewhat anxious. I really am afraid of my probation officer. I don't know what to expect. I hope she goes along with me wanting to collect unemployment while going to college (until mid-June when it runs out).

Shall I cry out with Satan?

No more fear or remorse! This is the cry of outraged innocence. Something really bothers me about my sister's fanatical Catholicism, the way she goes about making herself to be superior because of her obedience, her worship of the monotheistic authoritarian godhead. I, on the other hand, refuse to pay homage. The Church has no authority over me. My sister is extremely judgemental. There is no hope for peace in this world. How can I expect to love my fellowman when I find it difficult to like or be liked by anyone?



I present to the "outside world" a persona, a mask or facade presented to satisfy the demands of the situation or the environment and not representing the inner personality of the individual. Even with family I present the mask. I play the role of the jester, the clown, the wise guy, as do most of the members of the family.

I presented basically the same persona at work at the park, and even in jail. As a writer, I present a much different identity. It disturbs me that my 16 year old nephew mocks my writing a "book". Where does he get off? He is either merry or just ignorant, very influenced by his mother, no matter how much she claims he has a mind of his own.

The situation may eventually come to a head. I am losing the little respect I had for those who are self righteous about their adherence to organized religion. Why do I even let it bother me? I am not a joke to be laughed at! We shall see who mocks me if I were to publish my anti-Catholic, anti-Semite, anti-American philosophy! I want to complete the work with some very current, very sober, reflections on the human condition. I want to speak out against happiness, against security, raising the flag for ANGST, DETACHMENT, and genuine anxiety.



✕ 199804130930: Dream recall — On a bus talking to Sherry, when all of the sudden some ~~TANI~~ skinned, sexy girl-woman starts talking to me. She is inquiring about college, says she wants to go. She looks me in the eyes and tells me I have beautiful blue eyes. I tell her to go for it.

For some strange reason both Ed and Ed (jr) Henderson are on my mind. I am not jealous, but I know I am the brunt of many jokes. Still, my strangeness is not counted as being my fault. I am what I am. The world is not what it seems. I am learning to exist with confidence that no one has an edge, that each person is a tremendous problem to himself / herself.

Each individual thinks they have all the answers, and I guess each does, being each is connected to the collective unconscious. I wonder if inner city blacks and Hispanics recognize the difference between the "civilized Jew" and the "Germanic barbarian" or do they think white people are white people?

Who cares? I know who and what I am. As I age and develop, I become less of a joke to myself. I try to have some kind of sick sense of humor, but I also nurture a profound sense of unreality, almost confrontational in my awareness that the subjective reality is the same for all <sup>AS IT IS FOR ME</sup>





X 199804140030: Having finished reading Arjan Christ yesterday and Diseasing of America today, I once again have picked up the Schopenhauer biography, Wild Years. This is great preparation for PHI 115 which begins May 19th.

Needless to say I am terribly excited about tomorrow. I so long to hear the words, "Report to Brookdale on April 20th - this coming Monday - and register. Go by the bookstore and pick up your books."

Now I prepare to sleep; and, as usual, I am reminded of the unknowability of "the thing in itself". I can know myself as phenomena, but not as thing in itself. Does any of this matter in practical life? It may not seem to matter, but in the deepest levels of experience, it most certainly does matter.

I am so happy to be diagnosed as having a manic-depressive disorder as it has made me eligible for vocational rehabilitation. Even though I will be putting this to use towards a useful acquiring a useful skill (computer programming), I am still quite the philosopher. My lifestyle is so very different than Schopenhauer's, and I am starting college even later than he did; yet the outcome of ~~my~~ Schopenhauer's influence upon me



has brought forth a radical phenomenon. My qualities make me as unique as my experiences. By all definitions, I am an outcast. Should I die in five minutes, what would matter? It would not matter to "me" whether or not my words reached anyone!

May I continue to focus on the subjective, existential experience of the universe - using introspection as the means towards knowledge of the world.

The fact that I am "white" (as the statistics call me) or German-American seems to have given me an advantage. My "high aptitude" is evidence of my affluence, and yet other "whites" with the same opportunities and early schooling as I do not all show such high aptitude. More than this, not all white people have an appreciation of and attraction to Schopenhauer's philosophy. My "Germanic Mind" is as present today as it was in Schopenhauer. I have to force myself to sleep as tomorrow will be a full day.

The most amazing thing about this, if OVR does send me to BCC until I get my A.A.S. degree, is that I will have been ordered by the State to forfeit my employment with the State Park Service only to be educated in a field that would let me write my own ticket.



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X 199804140800: I tossed and turned last night thinking about being able to go to college. I had visions of registering, getting books, reporting to class, doing assignments, walking to Freehold Centre bus station, getting the VW back on the road in September, etc.

Now the time has come to go to DVR, hopefully for one last time before I register for classes. I am hoping for a big fat green light today.

Dream recall I have to pick up pizza in Uncle Tom's old Meat, but it is pouring rain - I go inside and fall asleep. I wake up at 01:30 -

enough time to get pizza somewhere by 2? Insurance salespeople contacting from the phone to being right in Mom's kitchen.

Joan Iverson calls, but I really had to go. - and now I really have to be going. To be "on the beam" means to keep those appointments with the door keepers.

X 199804141330: (What a wonderful day! Jane Murry of the DVR gave me confirmation that I will be granted full tuition, fees, and books at BCC for the Summer (as well as Fall and Winter and until I am done). She put together a letter for me to give my PO Jane Harary.



Jane Murray was very impressed with the chart I handed her - very professional she said. When I got to see my PO, she was very impressed by the letter from DVR confirming the grant for my college education. What I really surprised her, floored her actually, were my scores on the GATB and how they compared to the norms for Programmer, Attorney, Administrator, Accountant, and Writer. She was very proud of me, noting in her report that I was very intelligent. ~~and~~ I am a little overwhelmed by all this.

I feel my (attitude changing already.) My PO thinks I must be one of DVR's star clients, and that I am living testimony of a person's ability to overcome a "disability". → [emotional trauma]

X I still think these reactions are intensified by the movie that came out this year, called "Good Will Hunting". I have to admit that I am TOUCHED X (My PO wanted asked me if I had a girlfriend, figuring she must be very proud. I told her that I did not, and that it is better this way. My life is open, not closed. I will be free to interact with any females I encounter. ~~Women~~ Women

This grant changes everything. My anti-Semitism is receding; in fact, I am ashamed of it. Being satisfied, what more can I ask for?

SHAME IS A CORE EMOTION.





A new author has been added to the shelves of my personal library: Charles Bukowski. Tales of his own life are as wild and weird as the stories he writes. Supposedly, Bukowski is a legend in his own time... a madman, a recluse, a lover, tender, vicious... never the same... horrible and holy.

On the back flap of the book I purchased, Tales of Ordinary Madness, someone says of Bukowski "a professional distributor of the peace... laureate of the underworld" - writes with a crazy romantic insistence that losers are less phony than winners, and with an angry compassion for the "lost."

While searching the World Wide Web for information on this Charles Bukowski I come to find out he was born in Germany in 1920, came to America at age 3, and died in 1994. Amazingly his autobiographical screenplay is the movie that Greg Kinnear was always talking about, "BARFLY".

"The words I write keep me from total madness."

I think that reading Bukowski while reading the biography or Schopenhauer, the book on Hate Speech, and the sci-fi Stand On Zanzibar will help me keep things in perspective. After all, going to school full time,

I am pretty much a bean. If I do enter the world of computer programming as a white collar professional, I will "not be the same person" that I was when working for the park and drinking my paycheck; yet still I will be WRITING TO KEEP FROM TOTAL MADNESS.

I welcome Bukowski as my latest guide through this universe.





Reading Bukowski's Tales of Ordinary Madness is making me really confident about one day publishing what I have written. After all, Charles Bukowski was not discovered until he was 50! I will just keep writing and writing and writing. Perhaps I will try my hand at dialogue.

It is so amazing that I will be registering for college next week! This summer will be one of the best summers of my life — and I don't even have a DL! Even though I am to be a "CompSci" student, I am looking forward to Philosophy (I am a genuine philosopher already), Effective Speech (interact with females), Physics (use Calculus), and of course The Writing Process (I like to write).

Even now, within my own little world, I am anxious to complete this notebook so as to begin both Penetrals as well as Chthonic Waves (dream recall). It looks as though I will not even be working with my father tomorrow — maybe ~~Tuesday~~ Saturday or Monday. Eventually I am going to have to call the park office and get on their case about my pension cash, but for now I guess, as long as I am collecting UI, I can wait.

Note: In the past, while getting ice cream at Jersey Freeze, I have sense I was greeted with MOCKING glances of gossiping hens; but now I am getting vibes of a certain respect. I'm still standing. They ain't seen nothin' yet!



1998.04.18

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For reasons that are obvious, I am very aware of the present synchronicity in my passing through the door leading me to "higher education" with the start of, not just a new notebook, but a green 500 page record book. Surely the unconscious mind is at work here, giving me signs of its presence working in my life. The first large hardcover book,  $\alpha$ , captured my return to BCC in 1994, as well as my meeting Francis ~~to~~ as well as my return to smoking pot (after 27 years of abstinence).

Just as the book,  $\alpha$ , ended as book  $\beta$  began, my relationship with Sherry ended abruptly. It took an entire year - captured in the book  $\beta$  - during which time I began to choke again, to completely rip myself from per life. I then switched to a different type of hardcover, which I called  $\gamma$ , and therein lie my battle with cocaine addiction, my struggles with the very common insanity of drug addiction, my unhappiness with failed love, and the general depravity of being trapped in the role of a state slave.

When the hardcover  $\gamma$  ended, I was on my way to sobriety once again. I went from smaller hardcovers (while sober) to these notebooks (when well back over the edge again).

These past few months (December, January, February, March, and April) serve to capture ~~the~~ my enduring and overcoming of the captivity as well as the shock of in store for me when I was finally released on probation. The shock of losing my job with the state was tremendous, and it is best "we" had several months to adjust and adapt to PITILESS FACT.



just as the 12 ~~word~~ legal pads written in while I was held captive in the Monmouth County Jail served as a verbal bridge ~~was~~ between July 13<sup>th</sup> 1997 and November 20 1997, so too do the last four notebooks, including this very one, serve simultaneously as a conclusion ~~and~~ of my "State Park Years" and the introduction to "a new era of a my life".

With this notebook, *Reflections Upon My Inner Condition* - phase four: *Surgit Amor Amor Aliquid*, I close these chapters of my life. I am surrounded by people who tell me that leaving the parks service is a great blessing, that this will free me so that I may develop my intellect, leaving the tractors behind me. I may regret losing that cushy job, living in that house, but I would have to be an illiterate donkey to feel any remorse about the chaos that ripped me from the jams of smothering security to sit me down gently in a sweet "poverty" and "insecurity" of a student who is more concerned about preserving his mental freedom and breaking through the economic chains that keep his intellect bound than he cares about becoming a "young urban professional".

My life may be very insignificant in this universe, but Arthur Schopenhauer has taught me the most precious thing anyone could ever know, that this universe - as vast as it appears in space and time - is dependent upon my perceiving it. These notes are important to me in that I can express my inner experiences. To the reader, may I point the



1998.04.15  
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way to their inner world. May the reader also realize that, though you may feel insignificant, this universe is dependent upon your perception for existence!

I cannot keep from becoming a little sentimental in my closing of this notebook. The chaos, though it has benefited me and draws ever sweeter plans for me, has given me some shocks.

I have grown. I have been compelled to verbalize how eerie is the synchronicity. I have mentioned some of the notebooks I have kept to point out that this type of coincidence is common in my journals.

I have all notebooks from 1987 to 1997 in a chest that I use to hold a speaker. The notebooks are inaccessible. With the 229 paged "excerpts", I have plenty to work on. One day I may delve back into them.

In a sense, Reflections Upon My Inner Condition, being the current WORK IN PROGRESS will be seen as a separate part. I will keep these up in my office so that I can reference them.

So, no more remorse about the state job! When I begin writing in PENETRALIA, I do so in the manner of a "holy man" from a Hesse novel who has embarked upon his own path, leaving the realm of security for the sacred sense of freedom reached by those who escape conformity and normality. With this notebook I bid farewell to Crazy Ghost I and embrace my true identity as Abraxas, the sun ITSELF.